





i stay up late and smoke
a rotten relationship or two.

My torn trousers

hang limp, ripped by ships
colliding

In the night. Or

was that a love boat I saw you with?

peanut butter sex & no bread

i was a vegetarian until

i ate you.

your wake-up: the sleep for me
rub your blurry teeth yawn
into your dashboard
breakfast on your watch
check your concrete park your
daydream fuck the others in
the ass without cumming turn
down that radio!

i don't want to see it ; wake me
when youre gone

RIDE

white line blacktop
sensuously serpentine
stretching silvery
under moonlight
linking horizons
warping time

gyroscopic wheels of a
3:50 (am.) honda
moon reflections
on the spokes
play like
lullabys in morse code

man/machine
cyborg centaur
follows a far-away freeway
that
shines
like the milky way
in the space of solitary darkness

pin-stripe, red-tie, company car driving
blindly towards ten thousand X ten \$
turns long enuff
to run down three little children
his thrice-cursed polaroid
blinks snaksnaksnak
blank portraits
he sells the photos for millions

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